

THE 1974

# Psycho

FALL-SPECIAL

75¢  
47789

JOIN THE HUNT  
TO KILL  
ON THE NIGHT  
OF THE  
LIVING DEAD!

*Vault  
of a  
Vampire*

THE MONSTER'S  
GREATEST BATTLE  
AGAINST HUMAN EVIL!

**Die,  
Frankenstein's  
Monster**



## The Vampire

has become  
the single  
most important  
character  
in  
illustrated  
horror stories!  
the Horror-Mood  
frequently  
presents  
tales  
of  
horror  
and  
suspense  
featuring  
vampires;  
Just one  
of a  
million  
reasons  
why  
you should  
read  
SCREAM,  
NIGHTMARE,  
and  
PSYCHO!  
there are  
VAMPIRES,  
WEREWOLVES,  
GHOULS,  
CREEPS,  
FIENDS,  
CORRS,  
DEAD THINGS,  
and  
UNDEAD THINGS  
in every issue!  
The best bargain  
on the newsstand  
only 75¢

SPECIAL COLLECTOR'S EDITION

# PSYCHO

Edited by ALAN HEWETSON

Contributors

DAN ADKINS PAT BOYETTE

CESAR LOPEZ PABLO MARCOS

CHARLES McNAUGHTON

DOUG MOENCH SERGE MOREN

KEVIN PAGAN RALPH REESE

TOM SUTTON RAMON TORRENTS

DOUG WILDEY

## PSYCHOTIC CONTENTS

**DEE, FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER**  
FRANKENSTEIN meets DRACULA, falls in LOVE with a beautiful woman, and KILLS — need more be said? . . . page 4

## REVOLUTION

There are, of course, a variety of revolutions going on right now in this weird world of ours — the revolution concocted by TOM SUTTON is one revolution that'll KILL YOU . . . page 18

## THE VOW

PAT BOYETTE got together with Loui Lucifer late one night and made a deal — his soul in exchange for the ability to illustrate genuine horror — THE VOW was the first result of that congenial bargain . . . page 26

## BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT

Archaic AL HEWETSON and Rabid RAMON TORRENTS teamed up to create a HORROR-MOOD classic about a woman who gives birth to . . . well, it's a little hard to say exactly WHAT she gave birth to . . . page 33

**PHANTOM OF THE ROCK OPERA**  
RALPH REESE at his best (need we say more?) . . . page 37

## MIDNIGHT SLASHER

A madman called dying DOUG MOENCH and a lunatic named perverse PABLO MARCOS collaborate to rip your mind out and ship it on a ferry-boat ride STRAIGHT TO HELL . . . page 45

## WITHIN THE TORTURE CHAMBER

Within the TORTURE CHAMBER are things somewhat DEAD and somewhat not — the DEAD refuse to DIE IN PEACE and the LIVING seem to DIE . . . page 51

## VAULT OF A VAMPIRE

Join us on a HUNT in ancient Rome for the greatest of all HUMAN MONSTERS — the VAMPIRE — who, CONFINED in his VAULT, REFUSES to ABMIT DEFEAT . . . page 59

PSYCHO is published by THE EKTALEO PUBLISHING CORPORATION, 14 EAST 26TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY, NY. EKTALEO PUBLISHES 4 TIMES A YEAR. PUBLISHER: MEAD RAIZMAN AND MICHAEL RAIZMAN; EDITOR: ALAN HEWETSON; PRICE: \$1.00 PER COPY. BACK NUMBERS OF THIS MAGAZINE MAY BE OBTAINED FROM THE PUBLISHER, EKTALEO PUBLISHING CORPORATION. IN THIS ISSUE THE PUBLISHER ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS OR ARTWORK, ALTHOUGH GREAT EFFORT WILL BE MADE TO RETURN MANUSCRIPTS WHEN ACCOMPANIED BY A STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE. ANY RESEMBLANCE OF CHARACTER NAMES TO PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. NOONE MAY BE DEPENDED UPON IN ANY FORM WITHOUT THE EXPRESS WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER. PRINTED IN CANADA. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. DISTRIBUTED BY KAIZEN NEWS.



MARY SHELLEY  
WHEN SHE WROTE  
HER BIOGRAPHY,  
CALLED HER WORK  
"FRANKENSTEIN" --  
WHICH IS NOT MY  
NAME BUT THE  
NAME OF MY  
CREATOR...

... SHE  
SUBTITLED HER  
BOOK: "THE MODERN  
PROMETHEUS" WHICH  
TO MY WAY OF THINKING  
IS QUITE A JOKE -- DO  
YOU KNOW WHO  
PROMETHEUS WAS?



"...PROMETHEUS WAS A GREEK GOD -- SOME SAY HE  
CREATED MAN BY ROARING AN IMAGE FROM THE CLAY AND  
WATER OF PYTHOS, INTO WHICH ATENNA BREATHED LIFE...  
HE CAUSED MAN, ALONE OF THE SUN AND THE MOON, HE  
TAUGHT MEN NUMBERS AND ALPHABETS -- HOW TO WORK THE  
FIELDS AND TAME WILD ANIMALS -- PROMETHEUS  
TAUGHT MAN ALL HIS HUMAN ACTS..."



WELL -- DON'T YOU  
THINK IT WAS PRETTY  
FUNNY OF MARY  
SHELLEY TO CALL  
VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN  
THE MODERN  
PROMETHEUS?  
EH?

"...VICTOR  
FRANKENSTEIN  
IS NO  
PROMETHEUS,  
MODERN OR  
OTHERWISE. HE  
IS JUST A FOOL  
WHO DABBLED WITH  
IMAGINATION AND LOST  
UNFORTUNATELY,  
I AM THE  
RESULTS  
OF HIS  
FAILURE..."



I AM A MISERABLE  
AND CORRUPT BEING --  
-- I MADE MISERABLE  
BY THE HUMANITY WHO  
REJECTS ME --

-- MADE CORRUPT  
OUT OF DESPAIR!

...BUT CORRUPTION  
IS NOT A VICE UNIQUE TO  
ME -- THIS PARTICULAR  
FRAGMENT OF MY SAGA TELLS  
THE TALE OF A MAN EVEN  
MORE CORRUPT THAN I -- EVEN  
MORE CORRUPT THAN  
CORRUPTION ITSELF...



**THE  
SAGA  
OF THE  
FRANKENSTEIN'S  
MONSTER**

...RUMANIA--BEFORE IT WAS RUMANIA--  
WAS TRANSYLVANIA...

...DRACULA--BEFORE HE WAS DRACULA--  
WAS A MAN...

...BUT THE CARRATHIAN ALPS HAVE ALWAYS  
BEEN THE CARRATHIAN ALPS...

BITTERLY TREACHEROUS AND FERRINGE -- CUTTING  
INTO THE FIBERS OF EVEN SUCH A MAN AS THIS, WHO  
IS NO LONGER A MAN -- BUT A HUMAN MONSTER  
-- BY HIS OWN ADMISSION...

...THE MAN-MONSTER HAS  
BEEN FORCED BY POLICE AND  
OUTRAGED CITIZENS TO  
FLEE TO THESE CHILLING  
HILLS, FORCED TO LIVE  
WITHIN THEM A NOMADIC  
LIFE -- FOR THEY SEARCH HIM  
OUT EVEN HERE, AND HAVE  
REDUCED THIS MONSTER'S  
STEEL NERVES TO BATTLE  
TIN NERVES...



...FRANKENSTEIN --  
BEFORE HE WAS  
FRANKENSTEIN --  
HAS NOTHING...

...HE SCROPS ABOUT  
THESE HILLS, AVOIDING  
HUMAN CONTACT  
THOUGH HE NEEDS  
THE COMPANY OF  
OTHERS MORE THAN  
HE NEEDS  
ANYTHING -- HE  
STALKS THE CAVES AND  
SPRINGS TO THE WILD  
GOATS WHO DO NOT  
SHUN HIM AS DO WILD  
HUMANES SHUN HIM --  
THEY CARE NOT HOW  
THIS MAN LOOKS -- THEY  
CARE ONLY HOW HE  
ACTS -- AND HE IS A  
KIND MAN...

WRITTEN BY ALAN HOWARTH  
ILLUSTRATED BY CESAR LOPEZ

...AND SO THE SAGA TAKES FORM AND SUBSTANCE --  
EACH FRAGMENT TELLING THE TALE OF A DAY OR  
TWO IN THE EVENTFUL LIFE OF THIS MONSTER...

...IT IS HARD TO SWALLOW IN ANTICIPATION --  
FOR THE EVENTS SOON TO UNFOLD IN THIS ROCK-  
FACE ARE A FRAGMENT. FRANKENSTEIN'S  
MONSTER CHOOSES NOT TO RECALL -- FOR AGAIN,  
AND AGAIN,  
AND AGAIN,  
HE HEARD THE CRY...



# DIE, FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER!











--TWO BEINGS SIT ON THE EDGE OF A MOUNTAIN TELLING TALES WE NEED NOT TELL HERE AGAIN, FOR THEY HAVE BEEN TOLD AND RE-TOLD A THOUSAND TIMES, AND ONLY TO THESE TWO BEINGS ARE THEY NEW.

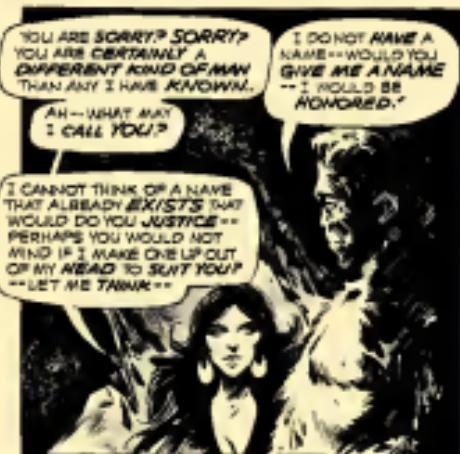
--TWO BEINGS SIT ON THE EDGE OF A MOUNTAIN--ANOTHER ONE IS A WOMAN--YET ALL THEY SPEAK OF IS HUMANITY--

--HOW THEY LOATHE IT--

--HOW THEY HATE, DESPISE AND SOMEWHAT FEAR IT--

--AND WITH SO MANY COINCIDENCES OF CIRCUMSTANCES AT THEIR DISPOSAL, ON WHICH THEY BASE AN ILL-THOUGHT-OUT LIAISON--

--A FRIENDSHIP UNTESTED, AS ALL NEW FRIENDSHIPS ARE--



--PERHAPS, BECAUSE HE IS AN IDIOT, THEY ARE ALLOWED TO LOVE--AS SHE HAS NEVER LOVED--

--AND AS HE HAS NEVER LOVED...

--POOR BEFOOLDED CREATURE--INNOCENT INHUMAN--HE KNOWS NOT WHAT EWNE IS IN THIS GIRL'S HEART--YET--YET PERHAPS THAT IS THE ANSWER WHY THIS MYSHKEN-IDIOT CUTS THROUGH THE EYES AND INTO THE REMAINING GOODNESS WITHIN THIS GIRL...

--I...CANNOT THINK OF A NEW NAME FOR YOU--BUT I HAVE AN APPROPRIATE NAME--  
DAEMON--

--YOU RESEMBLE A DEMON--BUT DAEMON IS A MAN'S NAME--IN THE BIBLE HE WAS A MAN OF POWER--AN OUTCAST LIKE YOU--

--YOU LIKE THE NAME?

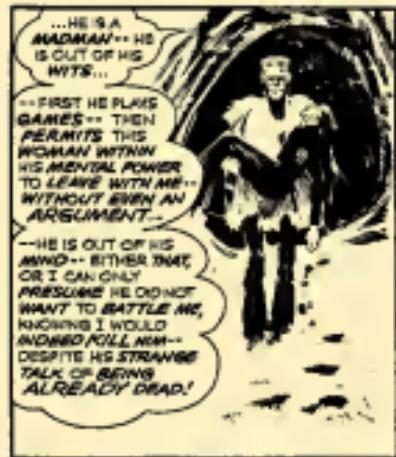
--YES--I KNOW THE STORY OF DAEMON AND THE LIONS--

--YES--









... I WATCHED AS HE CRUMPLED TO THE FLOOR AND WITHERED TO DUST...

... I PICKED UP THE DUST AND SCATTERED IT INTO THE AIR...

... I BURNED LEAH WITHIN THE CAVE...

... AND LEFT AS I HAD COME -- WALKING NOWHERE -- WITH NO DESTINATION...

... ALONE...



The HORROR-MOOD is rather proud of the SHOGOTH series. Many writers have adapted H. P. Lovecraft's writings into the illustrated story medium, but as far as we know, no writer has "extended" the James Lovecraft SHOGOTH series into new illustrated works, as many writers are doing in text novels and novels, such as Lin Carter and the late August Derleth — no, sir, that is, except in the HORROR - MOOD magazines where we try to make literature a bawdry! With the publication of THE SCREAM AND THE NIGHTMARE IN NIGHTMARE #20 and #21, we are planning into our INTERNATIONAL HORROR - MOOD SHOGOTH CRUSADE, an organization dedicated to ending the Lovecraft Menace — you can join this crusade and get a free certificate! You pledge no money, only your life.

We are giving over our used letterhead/letterbox space the issue of the 1974 PSYCHO SUMMER-SPECIAL is a letter from MRS. MARYNAETTE LYNN BOYCE of Northbrook, Illinois, and to background information on both the SHOGOTH CRUSADE and our SHOGOTH series.

Dear Al Weston, editor —

A short while ago I found a copy of your magazine, NIGHTMARE #16, on the magazine rack. I had never seen it — or any of your other magazines — before. They do not carry them at home, but they do in a drugstore not far from campus. So, being a connoisseur of things macabre and grotesque I leafed through it to see what it had to offer. One article took me attack — "The Vault," volume five of the "Shoggoth Chronicle." Amazing!

And the Master, the "young man from Providence" was never mentioned in the "handbook," along with his brain-child, the mad Arab, and that mad assembly of sacerdotal volumes, THE NECRONOMICON! I purchased the magazine, of course, to peruse at my leisure.

It was, indeed, quite a find for me, I largely myself edit a fan and admirer of H. P. Lovecraft, and have been since I first picked up THE DUNWICH HORROR AND OTHERS my freshman year in high school. Since then I have given a number of lectures on Lovecraft and the Cthulhu mythos, one at a junior college and have taught a workshop on art in his works, using "The Dunwich Horror" and Lovecraft's Cthulhu "Sai-licious Ritual" as the text, in cooperation with a Spaniard in Literature English class.

This is, however, not a brag but a preface. Because, although I have an extensive collection of Lovecraftiana I have noticed an interesting lack of same in the

## PSYCHOTIC PSYCHO EDITORIAL PAGES



H. P. LOVECRAFT by artist VIRgil FINLAY

big, black and white horror magazines. Marvel is depicted same as the works in their comic mag, and one story in one of the Warren publications used Hesler and Chisholm, but in the whole this rock field has been vastly ignored. I salute you.

However (there is always one of them, isn't there?) one thing bothered me. Shoggoth, as expressed in Lovecraft's works, very greatly have these of your publications, very greatly have these of your publications. "The House of Madness" is, I think, the main nucleus of them, as one part of your story hinted. Turning to that novel (Arkham house edition, 1964) we find the following descriptions of Shoggoth:



To R. H. Lovecraft, Jr., my apologies for troubling you with this copy of my work. I hope you will like it.  
Cthulhu Horror  
11/17/74, 1974



Lovecraft's illustration of CTHULHU inspired Zinner's interpretation of the SHOGOTH.

to a fan of Edg. Fri, as he has been called. The mention of the NECRONOMICON, for one thing. Though I think just about everything has been mentioned as being in that tome (Alfredson wasn't killed by the Great Old One, he died of exhaustion trying to write the book). The Shoggoths are given additional mention. In fact, that Alfredson died not from the attack on the day of the people who had chosen names like Alabaster hearts. Also, the city (though it looked less like Cyclopean Babil and more like Mexican Acote) was great, the mountain of the Mountains of Madness, and of course the TEKULLE.

Therefore, on balance my argument was great, and my argument swayed more by that strong, all-picking, kindred of Beavers and Boreans (through whom I am neither, I hope to be the former). I can appreciate your generosity, since it would, indeed, be difficult to illustrate an entire series featuring what Brian Lumley said was "... hideous, blinding columns of what looked like tar embedded with fragments of broken, multicolored glass..." (THE BURROWERS BEHIND, p. 116). Practical considerations alone demand that the Thing have a shape.

And the shape I have was not a bad one. May I be presumptuous enough — I found it strangely reminiscent of another Room in H.P., the ghoul. I refer especially to the description and — truly — the poem of Richard Updike's *Monsters in the Library* — "ICKMAN'S MODEL" (THE DUNHILL HORROR AND OTHERS, Arcturus House, 1963) they are described as:

"...augustly bearded, had a forward slumping, and a vaguely canine cast..." (p. 25) "...squatting on the chest of sleepers..." and "...laying about a fanged which... just burst in your ear!" and, "...a god-father than Ghoul, having the advantage of mere morality and a lack of human associations, and connections with those many beans."

Your presentation is good, and even-as Lovecraftian—the first sounds better than Ghoul, having the advantage of mere morality and a lack of human associations, and connections with those many beans.

Your presentation is good, and even-as Lovecraftian—the first

comes presentation is fact, sir. Unless, I really is...? The idea of using the editor and even even better, an interesting hold on the curious and being little fellows who usually introduce stories in other magazines, but this time not pause, part of the story. (Impatient added: If you two really look like that, you are two dudes I would not mind meeting!)

Reproductions used in this feature are courtesy of ARTHAM HOUSE PUBLISHING, and are printed here for purposes of a literary review of H. P. Lovecraft...

## THE HORROR MOOD— International shoggoth crusade

To be continued

In a full degree member of the ANTI-SHOGGOTH CRUSADE, who abhors all horrors and abominations, is in the position of the shoggoth crusade. The Crusade of the last year, the shoggoth crusade, arrived in the year 1970 with comprehensive aims, including one other crusade, including love, beauty and the like to this nation of all human-beings in the service of all crusade.

Opposite is shown: shoggoth poster of *LORE*.



BY RICHARD LOWEY

ARTIST OF HORROR

SHOGGOTH CRUSADE

LORE

everyone's HORROR - MOOD checklist...

In her letter, Bernadette expresses interest in our formulation of the SHOGGOTH's appearance. She is quite right in suggesting... Practical considerations alone demand that the thing have a shape...

...but when we planned the shape we wanted to have an other as a Lovecraftian as possible, so artist Zesar based the protagonist upon a sketch by Lovecraft himself of CTHULHU reproduced here when we dug up, when we visited the LOVECRAFT COLLECTION at the BROWN UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, built on the very grounds 106 College Street where Lovecraft was born, in Providence, Rhode Island...

Everyone is invited to join the CRUSADE, free of any charge, however this is certainly the last opportunity you will have to join — we will not accept any requests for membership diplomas after October 15, 1974. To join, send \$10 for necessary postage and handling to: HORROR - MOOD - SHOGGOTH CRUSADE, Archaic Publishing Corporation, 16 East 41st Street, Room 2201, New York City, NY 10017. Your certificate will be personally, individually, autographed by Archdeacon Emotionally-Disabled Ed. and Awkward Argentine...

THE SHOGGOTH CHRONICLES, and THE SHOGGOTH CRUSADE, are just 2 good reasons to stay tuned in to PSYCHO, NIGHTMARE, and SCREAM...

R.U.P.

ARCHAIC AL

### DUDES WORTH MEETING

Artist ZESAR

Artist CARLOMA

Writer HIKEWITSON



THE SKULL FOREST OF OLD EARTH: Illustrated by Zesar-NIGHTMARE #9  
WHERE ARE THE INHABITANTS OF EARTH?: Illustrated by Zesar-NIGHTMARE #10  
THE GRIMESQUE GREEN EARTH: Illustrated by Zesar-NIGHTMARE #10  
THIS ARCHAIC BURIAL GROUND: Illustrated by CARLOMA-NIGHTMARE #10  
THE VAULT-REVERED BY CARLOMA-NIGHTMARE #10  
THE SCREAM AND THE NIGHTMARE: Illustrated by Carloma-NIGHTMARE #20  
Screaming up in the SHOGGOTH series, pt. 10: Zesar-NIGHTMARE, pt. 10: Zesar  
THE MOUNTAIN OF GRAVES AND UNDER THE GROUND IS HELL —  
These stories were all written for the HORROR-MOOD by Alan Hikewitzson



# the ARCHAIC BACK ISSUES VAULT of HORROR-MOOD MASTERWORKS

These pages are your opportunity to complete your library collection of 100% HARDCOVER masterworks. Prices are going up on these (and about every day due to our stock dwindling FAST). We WARNED you the cost is high and in MARK of these when it is over ... if you value your collection ... order any missing numbers NOW ... tomorrow might be TOO LATE!



make checks payable to:  
THE ARCHAIC PUBLISHING CORPORATION

mail to:

THE ARCHAIC BACK ISSUES VAULT  
SKYWORD HORROR-MOOD PUBLISHING  
18 East 4th Street, #1000  
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10003

... the archaic back issues vault holds a great variety of horror-mood masterworks

... if your collection is incomplete then ORDER what you need NOW ... please **MUST** go UP to meet the demand so make sure you get what you want while the prices remain LOW!

which is for the archaic issues  
I've indicated you should take out of the vault and Rush to me ...

I enclose 40¢ postage and handling

PSYCHO #10	PSYCHO #16	PSYCHO #20	SCREAM #7	HAUNTMATES #14-#15	HAUNTMATES ANNUAL
#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	CRIMEMACHINE #1
#4	#5	#6	#6	#6	PSYCHO ANNUAL
#7	#8	#9	#7	#7	HELL RIDER #1
#9	#10	#11	#8	#8	HELL RIDER #2
#11	#12	#13	#9	#9	

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY AND ZIP CODE

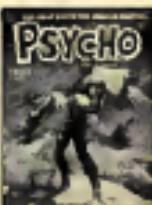
Canadian and Foreign orders are accepted, but all orders must be made out in UNITED STATES FUND  
(postage "U.S. 70¢/10¢" or checks or money orders)



PSYCHO #1 ... \$3.00



PSYCHO #2 ... \$3.00



PSYCHO #3 ... \$3.00



PSYCHO #10 ... \$2.75



PSYCHO #10 ... \$2.50



PSYCHO #11 ... \$2.50



PSYCHO #12 ... \$2.50



PSYCHO #13 ... \$2.50



PSYCHO #14 ... \$2.50



PSYCHO #15 ... \$2.75



PSYCHO #16 ... \$2.50



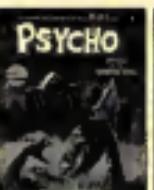
PSYCHO #17 ... \$2.50



PSYCHO #11 . . . \$1.00



PSYCHO #12 . . . \$1.00



PSYCHO #13 . . . \$1.00



SCREAM #1 . . . \$1.00



SCREAM #2 . . . \$1.00



SCREAM #3 . . . \$1.00



SCREAM #4 . . . \$1.00



SCREAM #5 . . . \$1.00



SCREAM #6 . . . \$1.00



SCREAM #7 . . . \$1.00



SCREAM #8 . . . \$1.00



PSYCHO ANNUAL . . . \$2.00



NIGHTMARE ANNUAL . . . \$2.00



HELL-RIDER #1 . . . \$0.99



HELL-RIDER #2 . . . \$0.99



CRIME MACHINE #1 . . . \$0.99



NIGHTMARE #1 . . . \$1



NIGHTMARE #2 . . . \$1



NIGHTMARE #3 . . . \$1.00



NIGHTMARE #4 . . . \$1.00



NIGHTMARE #5 . . . \$1.00



NIGHTMARE #6 . . . \$1.00



NIGHTMARE #7 . . . \$1



NIGHTMARE #8 . . . \$1



NIGHTMARE #9 . . . \$1.00



NIGHTMARE #10 . . . \$1.00



NIGHTMARE #11 . . . \$1.00



NIGHTMARE #12 . . . \$1.00



NIGHTMARE #13 . . . \$1



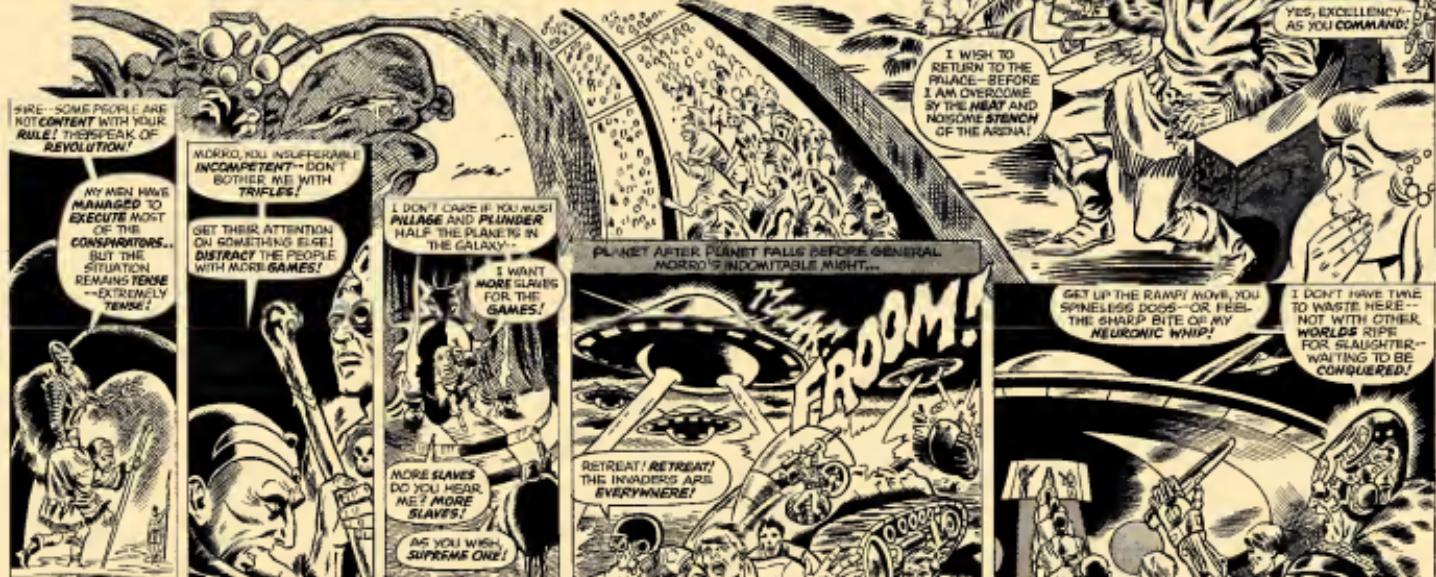
NIGHTMARE #14 . . . \$1



THIS IS THE PLANET SADE... IT IS A HARSH WORLD... FRAUGHT WITH SAVAGERY... BLOOD... AND DEATH.

# REVOLUTION!

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY TOM SUTTON AND DALE ADKINS



SHRE—SOME PEOPLE ARE NOT CONTENT WITH YOUR RULE! I SPEAK OF REVOLUTION!

MY MEN HAVE MANAGED TO EXECUTE MOST OF OUR CONSPIRATORS... BUT THE SITUATION REMAINS TENSE—EXTREMELY TENSE!

MORRO, YOU INEFFERABLE INCOMPETENT! DON'T BOTHER ME WITH TRIFLES!

GET THEIR ATTENTION ON SOMETHING ELSE! DISTRACT THE PEOPLE WITH MORE GAMES!

I DON'T CARE IF YOU MUST PILLAGE AND PLUNDER HALF THE PLANETS IN THE GALAXY...

I WANT MORE SLAVES FOR THE GAMES!

MORE SLAVES DO YOU HEAR, ME? MORE SLAVES!

AS YOU WISH, SUPREME ONE!

PLANET AFTER PLANET FALLS BEFORE GENERAL MORRO'S INDOMITABLE MIGHT...

FRROOM!

RETREAT! RETREAT! THE INVADERS ARE EVERYWHERE!

GET UP THE RAMP! MOVE, YOU SPINELESS DOGS—OR FEEL THE SHARP BITE OF MY NEURODUC WHIP!

I DON'T HAVE TIME TO WASTE HERE—NOT WITH OTHER WORLD'S RIPE FOR SLAUGHTER—WAITING TO BE CONQUERED!

THESE GAMES PROVIDE SUCH EXQUISITE SPORT! A SHAME WE'VE JUST WITNESSED THE LAST EVENT OF THE DAY...

BUT ND MATTER! GENERAL MORRO... SUMMON THE REST OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD!

YES, EXCELCENCY, AS YOU COMMAND!

WITH A SEEMINGLY ENDLESS SUPPLY OF SLAVES THE BARBARIC GAMES CONTINUE...

THE CROWD IS A LARGE ONE, YOUR MAJESTY! THE GAMES ARE AS POPULAR AS EVER!

YET STILL I'M TOLD THE PEOPLE AREN'T SATISFIED!



THE GAMES ARE BEING HELD EVERY DAY--AND THE HORRIBLE TORMENT...

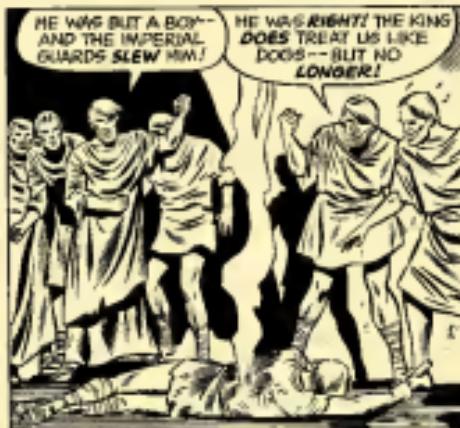


...THE UNBASHED TORTURE...



...AND THE GRISLY DEATH GOES ON UNABATED!







--TASK FORCE LEADER  
IMPERIAL GUARDS.

WITH A MURMUR  
ROAR  
THE  
KING  
AND  
HIS  
ROYAL  
STAFF  
ESCAPE  
THE  
COLLECTIVE  
WRATH  
OF THE  
CITIZENS  
OF  
SLADE...



DAYS PASS  
WITHOUT  
INCIDENT AND  
MELT INTO WEEKS--WHEN  
SUDENLY,  
WITHOUT  
WARNING...







YET, I STILL RETAIN  
THE GREATEST GIFT OF  
ALL-- MY LIFE!



INEVITABLE, ALL POWERFUL...  
AND WAITING IN  
**THE END**

TONIGHT - AARON PARIGEE  
WOULD NOT DREAM HIS CURSE  
WILL THE ANGELS OF DEATH  
NOT STAND AT THE MOUTH OF A  
HELL PEOPLED WITH VILE,  
RANCID, LOATHSOME THINGS  
SPAWNED IN THE DARK RILLS  
OF A TORMENTED MEMORY!!

NO. NOT TONIGHT...  
FOR THIS DAY HE HAD  
KEPT...

# THE VOW!

By Gil Kane

BUT, EVEN IN THE MOMENT OF  
TRIUMPH, AARON'S TORTURED  
BODY TREMBLED FROM A  
FAMILIAR, CHILLING SPASM THAT  
SEEMED TO ERUPT FROM THE  
ICY FULM OF HIS OWN MARROW  
... HIS THOUGHTS RACED  
BACK TO THAT DAY SO LONG AGO  
WHEN HIS WIFE LAY DYING...A  
VICTIM OF THE PLAGUE....

OH, MY DEAR MARGALAYNE...  
DO NOT FRET FOR THE CHILD.  
SHE WILL PREVAIL...AND I  
WILL GIVE HER EVERYTHING  
HER HEART SHOULD DESIRE!  
THIS MY VOW TO YOU!

SIRE... YOUR WIFE  
IS DEAD, AND I  
MUST LEAVE...  
THERE ARE MANY  
TO ATTEND...

YES... MANY TO ATTEND...  
FLEETING HOME TO THE  
STREETS, PERHAPS THE  
WHOLE WORLD WAS BEING  
SMOTHERED BY THE SWEET  
STENCH OF DEATH...

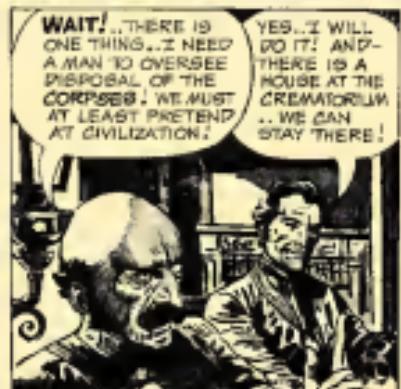
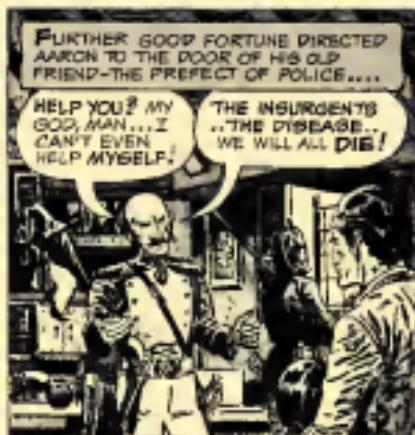
ART AND LETTERING BY DAT DUMETTE.

AND THERE WAS ALSO  
THE LIVING DEAD WHO  
PEPPLED THE NIGHTS WITH  
THEIR PUTRID SORES, THEIR  
ANGRY GATHS, AND THEIR  
VENGEFUL FIRES!

# BURN!

# KILL!

# BURN



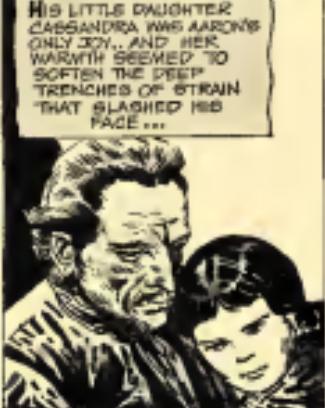
THROUGH THE NIGHTS  
OF TERROR, AARON  
PARISEE'S LEGION  
ROAMED WITH  
IMMUNITY TO DISEASE  
AND REVOLUTION...  
COLLECTING THE HUMAN  
REFUGE THAT LITTERED  
THE STREETS AND  
POORWAYS...

AND FROM THE  
CREMATORIUM  
BELCHED CONSTANT  
CLOUDS OF ACRID  
SMOKE...



AARON SIT ABOUT HIS WORK WITH A FURY THAT MADE HIM  
OBLIVIOUS TO HIS SURROUNDINGS—EVEN TO THE WIDE LITTLE  
EYES—TRANSFIXED ON THE MORBID ACTIVITY...

HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER  
CASSANDRA WAS AARON'S  
ONLY JOY... AND HER  
WARMTH SEEMED TO  
SOFTEN THE DEEP  
TRENCHES OF STRAIN  
THAT SLASHED HIS  
FACE...



IN THE YEARS THAT FOLLOWED... THERE WAS NEVER A SHORTAGE OF CLIENTS... THE PLAGUE WAS REPLACED BY THE GUILLOTINE! A DAZED AARON PARISI NO LONGER RETCHED AT THE ORDER OF HIS NECROPOLIS! THE LOOK OF THE DEAD WAS SO COMMONPLACE THAT HE CEASED TO SEE IT...

HOWEVER, THE HORRORS OF HIS WORLD WERE NONE-THE-LESS REAL AND A SINGLE EXPERIENCE SERVED TO JOLT HIS AWARENESS...



I'M UP  
HERE FATHER!

... AND WHAT  
ARE YOU DOING  
IN THE ATTIC?  
... I'M  
VISITING  
WITH MY  
FRIEND!

... FRIEND!  
THIS IS  
MIMI!

FRIEND? YOU  
HAVE NO...



NAUSICA AND GUILT STABBED AT AARON'S SOUL AS HE RETREATED FROM THE REPULSIVE SCENE...

IVE FAILED MY DAUGHTER IN A MOST HORRIBLE WAY... I VOWED TO BRING HER HAPPINESS... BUT... BUT... IVE GOT TO MAKE IT UP TO HER!



IN DESPAIR, AARON SHOWERED CASSANDRA WITH GIFTS, BUT LIKE MOST FATHERS, HE FAILED TO NOTICE THAT SHE COULD NO LONGER BE INTERESTED IN CHILDISH BAUBLES, FOR RECENTLY THERE WAS A DIFFERENT LIGHT IN HER EYES...



THEN... ONE NIGHT, QUITE BY ACCIDENT, HE GLIMPSED A FAMILIAR FIGURE AS IT SWEEP ACROSS THE COURTYARD!



AND SO AARON RECEIVED ANOTHER SURPRISE... HIS BRAIN EXPLODED, HIS SENSES REELED...



... BUT NOW HE COULD ACT IN A MOST POSITIVE WAY AGAINST THIS NEW MENACE TO HIS DAUGHTER.

ENOUGH... YOU MINCING DANDY...



IF YOU TOUCH MY CHILD AGAIN... I'LL FEED YOU TO MY FIRES! I KNOW YOUR FACE... I KNOW WHERE TO FIND YOU!



Cassandra lapsed into deep despair... and in sorrow she began to waste away...

I'M SORRY, AARON... SHE'S LOST HER WILL TO LIVE! PERHAPS IT'S THIS DISMAL PLACE...

NO... PHYSICIAN, IT IS SOMETHING I HAVE DONE!



BU... IT WAS NO ACCIDENT THAT AN UNSIGNED LETTER APPEARED IN THE EMPEROR'S QUARTERS...



NOW... WE COME TO THIS NIGHT AND AARON PARIGEE'S COMFORT IN HAVING BROUGHT JOY TO HIS DAUGHTER'S ACHING HEART...



CASSANDRA... YOU MUST UNDERSTAND... THAT MAN CANNOT BE A 'RIGHT LOVE' FOR YOU! I KNOW HIM TO BE ANDRE BRIGANCE... AND HE IS A FAMOUS PARAMOUR OF THE EMPRESS... AND IF THE EMPEROR KNEW OF THAT SHABBY LITTLE AFFAIR... HE'D...



THOSE IN AUTHORITY SAID... AND ALTHOUGH BRIGANCE MAY HAVE BEEN A GREAT LOVER... HE WAS A PITIFULLY POOR LIAR...



THE COMPETENT UNION OF A SCARLET LETTER, CUPID AND LA BELLE GUILLOTINE HAD DELIVERED THE GROOM... AND EVEN NOW A LOVING CASSANDRA IS BUSY...



IT RAINS OUTSIDE THE WINCHESTER MEMORIAL HOSPITAL... RAINS IN A TERRIFIC DOWNPOUR THAT THREATENS TO DROWN THE SMALL SEA-PORT VILLAGE OFF THE COAST OF CAPE COD -- FRANK SCOTHE CARES NOT ABOUT THIS RAIN... HE HAS OTHER, MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO CONCERN HIMSELF WITH AT THE MOMENT... LIKE A PREGNANT WIFE ABOUT TO GIVE BIRTH AT ANY SECOND...



FRANK SCOTHE

...AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...

...WITH A PREMATURE LOOK AT THE BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT IN THE NEXT DAY'S LOCAL NEWSPAPER... WHICH READS:

— FROM THE WINCHESTER DAILY CITRON

GORTHE — Frank and Vanessa are pleased to announce the arrival of seven sons, Edgar, Harold, Joseph, Peter, Steven, Gloria and Rosalie, 4 pounds in total, on Friday 20, 1972, at the Winchester Memorial Hospital. All well, and very safe. Thanks to Dr. Grant Whaley, for delivering our

# BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT

WRITTEN BY ALAN WILKINSON



SURROGED BY RANDI TURKENTON





FRANCK TORRETTES '72



THANK YOU DOCTOR... WE APPRECIATE ALL YOU'VE DONE...

...NOT AT ALL MY BOY... IT'S BEEN MY PLEASURE-- MY DISTINCT HONOR AND PRIVILEGE TO HAVE MADE THIS DELIVERY...

...I HOPE ALL GOES WELL AT HOME-- IF THERE IS ANYTHING FURTHER I CAN DO I'LL BE ONLY TOO HAPPY... AND REST ASSURED THAT THE HOSPITAL STAFF WON'T TELL A SOUL...

HOW DO YOU FEEL VANESSA?

JUST FINE DOCTOR...  
...FINE AND PROUD!

FRANKLIN 10/25/72

NOW COMES THE DAWN... THE RAIN THAT HAS PALLED DURING THE NIGHT LEAVES PUDDLES ABOUT THE GROUND AS FRANK CARRIES HIS WIFE WOMAN TO THE CAR -- IT HAS BEEN A LONG NIGHT...

...IT WILL BE A FEW DAYS NOW BEFORE THE EGGS HATCH AND HIS CHILDREN KNOW AIR AND LIGHT... BUT IT WILL BE DAYS FILLED WITH HAPPINESS FOR FRANK AND VANESSA GOETHES... DAYS SHARED AND REMEMBERED... FOR THERE WILL BE A NEXT TIME TOO...



# PHANTOM OF THE ROCK ERA

ART BY CHARLES MUNN/EDITORIAL ILLUSTRATION BY RALPH PH. REED

THIS EVENING STAR, THEY KNEW, WOULD SOON ECLIPSE ALL OTHER ROCK SUPER-STARS. HE WAS MAGNETISM... AN ANIMAL FURY MATCHED WITH A compelling AURA OF EVIL AND SELF-DESTRUCTION AND AN ANTI-SEX QUALITY WHICH HIP GIRLS FOUND ALLURING.



THE CROWD AT COWBOY BOBS, BIR AND DISCO STARRED ON JOYALLY AGAINST A WITHHOLDING A PHENOMENON: THE RESULT OF A NEW ROCK "TALENT"... A PERSONALITY TO WENCHEDZIE THEM, WITH HIS EMPTY, WAILING VOICE, HAUNTED LYRICS, POSSESSED MOVEMENTS...

HIS MUSIC FRENZIED THEM... SET THEM WILD! EACH GULF-SURFED AS IF BEING HELD BY A DEMON... LOST IN GROTESQUE ECSTASY... ALL... BUT ONE...

LILA  
LOVE, THIS  
ONE IS YOUR  
MARK!

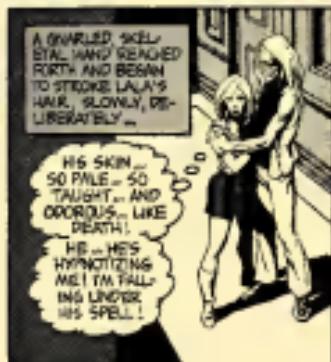
HMM... JUST TO KEEPS CHICKS... NO GROUPIES IN SIGHT.

THE RURES HERE IN JINXON CITY, TEXAS AIN'T REALLY HIP TO THIS GUY YET!

THIS GUY WILL BE A JACK SOMEDAY SOON... PARS THIS!

BETTER DO A ZA-ZA, PAST, AND LATCH ONTO HIM, BEFORE SOMEONE ELSE DOES!









THE BOYS IN THE DISPLAY DEPARTMENT WORKED ALL DAY ON THIS YESTERDAY... HERE'S THE LINEUP... RODDY SHEANS POSTERS, MODEL KITS, BALLOONS, BUBBLE GUM CARDS! MONSTER CONG BOOKS WITH YOU AS HOST...

YOU'LL BE A HIT ON BOTH SIDES OF THE GENERATION GAP!



A WEREWOLF WITH SIDEBURNS! HANDLE THIS A DAY-GLO VAMPIRE!

LET ME WITH SIDEBURNS HANDLE THIS A DAY-GLO VAMPIRE! AND YOU'LL MAKE A FORTUNE!



MONSTER MASKS! RUBBER HANDS! SKULL CANDY...

I... I ALREADY HAVE MY OWN GROUP, MR. SMITH...



WELL, WELL, MEET AGAIN NEXT WEEK WITH YOUR, UH... FRIENDS...

LATER, MR. SMITH!



YES, BUT BY ADVERTISING MY BUSINESS?



NO... YOU'RE UGLY IN AN UNIVERSE WAY!



THIS IS WHERE  
MY GROUP LIVES,  
LANA!

A MAUSOLEUM?

WHAT A SHIMMICK!

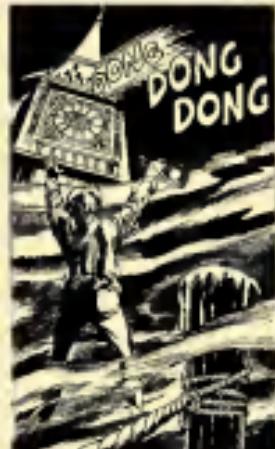






HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT  
THE MIDNIGHT SLASHER?

HE'S TALL, HE'S GAUNT AND  
RECKLESS, HE'S CRAFTY,  
CRUEL, AND SENSELESS...



# THE MIDNIGHT SLASHER

HAVE YOU NEVER  
HEARD ABOUT THE MIDNIGHT  
SLASHER? HE'S THE ONE  
WHO LURKS ON THE  
THRESHOLD OF FEAR...



"DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE MIDNIGHT SLASHER? HE'S THE ONE ON EVERYONE'S TONGUE..."

IT'S JUST  
BLOODY 'ORRIBLE,  
MISS WATTS! THE  
SLASHER DID IN  
ANOTHER ONE LAST  
NIGHT, AND WHAT  
ARE THE POLICE  
DOIN' A'ROUD 'IM?  
*NOTH'N' THEY  
AIN'T!*

YOU WORRY  
TOO MUCH, MUGGLUS  
SHRIMPTON! THE POLICE  
WILL CATCH HIM  
SOON ENOUGH!

HAVE YOU EVER SENSED  
THE MIDNIGHT SLASHER?  
HE'S THE ONE WHO CREEPS  
OUTSIDE YOUR WALLS...

1998-99-2000

HE'LL SMASH  
YOUR WINDOWS...  
SMOTHER YOUR CHILDREN...

BRA  
KASH  
CHINKLE

NO, NO,  
NO...THE  
S-SLASHER!  
NO, NO...

AAAAAIEEEEE!  
DONG DONG DONG!

THE POLICE!  
HAAA--THEY NEVER  
CAUGHT SLY JACK,  
DID THEY? THE  
RIPPER MADE FOOLS  
OF THEM--JUST  
LIKE THE SLASHER'S  
DON!!

PLEASE,  
I'VE NO  
TIME FOR  
MATERIAL  
TALK.  
LEAVE ME  
ALONE!

SO YOU LEFT JUST BEFORE MIDNIGHT, AND HEARD MISS WATTS SCREAMIN'...?

I RAN BACK TO SEE WHAT IT WAS ALL ABOUT! POOR MISS WATTS! WHAT ARE YOU POLICE GOIN' TO DO ABOUT IT?

FIRST OF ALL, WE'RE GOING TO BE COGNIZANT OF ALL THE FACTS, LEST WE UNDERTAKE SPECIOUS INTERPOLATIONS STEEPED IN SOPHISTRY OR, INSIGNIFICANT ABSURDITY!

AH, FANCY WORDS WON'T BRING YE ANY CLOSER TO THE SLASHER!

NEVERTHELESS, I THINK IT ADVANTAGEOUS TO PURSUE MY LINE OF INTERROGATION, NOW. THE SLASHER ENTERED THE BEDROOM THROUGH THE WINDOW...

HOW DID YOU KNOW HE CAME THROUGH THE WINDOW? YOU HAVEN'T BEEN TO THE SCENE OF THE MURDER...

WELL, ERK! I'VE STUDIED THE REPORTS MY MEN HAVE DELIVERED!

REPORTS! HAH! IF YOU DON'T DO SOMETHING ABOUT THE SLASHER, I WILL! GOOD DAY, INSPECTOR!

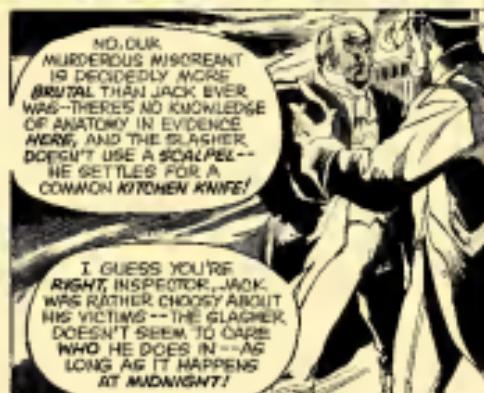
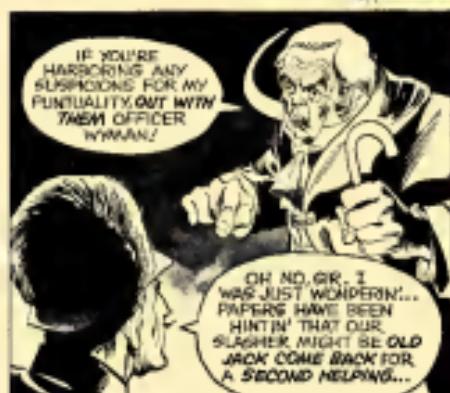
DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE MIDNIGHT SLASHER? HE'S THE ONE WHO'LL LEAVE HIS FOOTPRINTS ON YOUR SOUL.

MIDNIGHT--WHEN MY FATHER DIED HERE, UNDER THE WHEELS OF A CARRIAGE, UNDER THE SOUND OF THE MADDENING BELLS--!

HE'S THE ONE POSSESSED OF INEFFABLE  
SUFFERING AND RECIPROCAL BLOOD-LUST...



HE'S THE ONE WHO PARTS FROM THIS NIGHT IN A SWIRL OF GLEAMING CONFUSION...







# Within the TORTURE CHAMBER!

FURIOUSLY, DESPERATELY THE GIRL PULLS AT HER BONDS, HER MOUTH, BULGING EYES HYPNOTIZED BY THE DULL PLATE OF SHARP IRON SPINES INCHING HUNGRILY CLOSER! SOUNDLESS SCREAMS SHATTER UNHEARD ABOUT THE GRIMY STONE WALLS OF THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS! SHE HEARS THE DEEPLY DETACHED DRONE OF THE JUDGE WHO PRO-NOUNCES SENTENCE UPON HER, AND THE WORDS MEAN NOTHING! FOR THIS IS SPAIN OF THE 16TH CENTURY! THIS IS THE AGE OF THE INQUISITION!

... AND BY ORDER OF THE INQUISITOR GENERAL, I... JUDGE HERMAMPES FUERTE... ALLOW THE EXECUTION OF HERETIC ELENA CALCIN TO COMMENCE!



JUDGE FUERTE IS REPULLED BY THE GLEEFUL, INSANE LAUGHTER OF GARCIA AND THE DROOLING LIPS OF THE EXECUTIONER! HE SHUTS HIS EYES; ATTEMPTS CONCENTRATION ON HIS LOYALTY TO HIS NATIVE COUNTRY! BUT THE LAUGHTER DROWNS THIS OUT, AND FUERTE KNOWS HE IS A PUPPET OF THE INQUISITION, HIS LOYALTY AND DEDICATION MISUSED!

WE HAVE ADDED ANOTHER CORPSE TO THE FILE OF HUNDREDS! AND SO MY DUTY IS DONE FOR THIS NIGHT!

OF COURSE, MY FRIEND! SURELY YOU ARE NOT OFFENDED BY A LITTLE HEALTHY BLOOD AND GORE! HAA! HAA!

HEE! HEE!

I'LL LEAVE HER BODY TO RIOT TILL THE MORROW! PERHAPS THE NIGHT RATS MAY HAVE A FEAST!

FUERTE MIGHT BECOME AN IMPORTANT MAN IN THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING ABOVE THESE CHAMBERS IF NOT FOR HIS WEAK STOMACH!

YOU MAY LEAVE THE ENTRANCE TO THIS DUNGEON UNGUARDED AGAIN, EXECUTIONER!

FOR, WHO WOULD DARE TO INTRUDE ... HERE?

FOR HOURS BEYOND THE INQUISITION'S DEPARTURE, EERIE, WHISPERING TORCH LIGHT ILLUMINATES ONLY COOL, SCUMBER STONE WALLS OF CRACKED AND CHIPPING MASONRY, OCCASIONALLY LIGHTING PATCHES OF FEAR AS OVERSIZED RATS SCAMPER ALMOST NOISELESSLY IN DARK, SPECTRAL CORNERS! OUTSIDE, IN A WORLD ONLY QUESTIONABLY SAME, NIGHTFALL CONQUERS AND CURTSIES THE SKY. WITHIN, A YOUNG MANGLED BODY LIES CARELESSLY IN AN INSTRUMENT WHICH IS THE PRODUCT OF DISEASED MINDS.



THEN--

**CRREEAKKK**

CAUTIOUSLY,  
FEAR-  
HIMCRED,  
MOVES THE  
YOUNG  
MOBLE-  
MAN  
DOWN THE  
MUSTY,  
FETU-  
COVRED  
STEPS TO THE  
INCIN-  
TORY  
CHAMBER!

GIANT SHAKES THE  
LOW VOICE OF DON  
ALEXANDRE GUISANTE,  
ONE BORN OF NOBLE  
BLOOD!

PERHAPS MY HEART WILL  
CALM IF I CONFESS! IF  
MERELY TO YOUR UN-  
MOVING CORPSE! DO YOU  
REMEMBER MY OFFER OF  
MARRIAGE, ELENA? AND  
HOW YOU REJECTED ME?

FOR MONTHS AFTER, I  
FOUND I STILL LONGED  
FOR YOU! CRAWLED YOUR  
UNTOUCHABLE BEAUTY.  
FINALLY, THE LONGING  
TRANSFORMED TO...  
CONTEmPT- HATRED!

USING MY FAMILY'S INFLUENCE,  
I BRIBED SEVERAL "WITNESSES"  
WHO TESTIFIED IN COURT TO  
SEEING YOU PERFORM THE  
SECRET RITES OF SATAN!  
I KNEW EVEN THE SUSPICION  
OF SUCH HERESY WAS PUNISH-  
ABLE BY THE INQUISITION'S  
SPECIAL BRAND OF DEATH!

YOU NEVER SUSPECTED  
THAT I WAS BEHIND YOUR  
PLIGHT! YET, IN CASE YOU  
MADE, I PRID WELL SO THAT  
YOUR TONGUE MIGHT BE  
STILLED! AND CUT OUT!

ELENA! I KNOW  
YOU CANNOT HEAR  
ME, YET I MUST SPEAK  
ONE MORE TIME  
WITH YOU!

I REGRET MY MURDER-  
OUR ACTS, ELENA? I AM  
TRULY SORRY YOU SUFFERED  
SUCH HORROR! I HAVE  
MADE MY WAY INTO THIS  
GROTESQUE, VILE-SMELLING  
TOMB TO TELL YOUR  
SPIRIT THIS!

PERHAPS I  
MAY SLEEP NOW  
WITHOUT THE  
NIGHTMARES OF  
CONSCIENCE WHICH  
PLAGUE ME THESE  
SUCCEEDING  
NIGHTS.

POR  
DOS!'  
WHO  
ARE  
YOU?

I AM JUDGE FUERTE! HE WHO PRONOUNCED  
THE SENTENCE OF DEATH UPON THAT POOR  
GIRL! I RETURNED TO REMOVE HER MUTILATED  
BODY FROM THAT MONSTROSITY! ONLY TO  
HEAR A CONFESION MOTIVATED BY SLUMBER-  
LESS NIGHTS! NOT FROM ANY DECENCY OF  
CHARACTER! YOU HYPOCRITE! YOU  
HUMAN SLIME!

IN ADDITION TO THE DAILY SHAME I FEEL  
SEYBATH THE UNWORTHY FOOT OF THE INQUISI-  
TION, NOW I AM AN ACCESSORY TO  
MURDER! MY HANDS ARE STAINED WITH  
INNOCENT BLOOD!

ENOUGH! I FIND YOU GUILTY!  
AND SHALL CARRY OUT YOUR  
SENTENCE MYSELF!

STAY BACK!  
YOU FOOL! I  
HAVE STUDIED  
FENCING FROM  
THE MASTERS!

MOLGAN'S  
UNLEASHED  
EMOTIONS  
ERUPT INTO  
FURIOUS  
SWORDPLAY  
IN THE  
GREAT  
CHAMBER!  
THE CLASH  
AND  
RINGING OF  
STEEL  
UPON STEEL  
RAISES A  
STEADY,  
FEVERISH  
DIN!  
FRIGHTENED  
DUNGEON  
RATS  
WHIMPER  
AND HURRY  
FOR  
SHELTER!

MURDERING COWARD...  
EEE-YAAAHH!!

POR DOS!  
WHAT HAS MY  
FOOLISH HAND  
DONET? THE  
PENALTY FOR  
KILLING AN  
INQUISITOR JUDGE  
IS--- DEATH BY  
TORTURE! H-NO!  
NO! I MUST  
GET OUT OF  
HERE!



I MUST  
GET OUT!

A LAST FAINT CLANGOR OF SWORDS  
ECHOS AND FADES, REPLACED BY THE  
SHARP STACCATO OF RUNNING FEET!  
DON ALEXANDRE GUISANTE SCRAMBLES  
PANTING-STRICKEN UP THE STAIRCASE---  
AND ABRUPTLY PARALYZES!

THE SWORD! I LEFT IT  
BEHIND! CAN'T LET IT BE  
FOUND! MY FAMILY CREDIT  
IS INSCRIBED UPON IT!

SLOWLY, ALMOST REVERENTLY, THE TREMBLING  
ROBEMAN CREEPS BACK INTO THE GHOSTLY  
INTERIOR OF THE UNCLEAN CHAMBER.

YES! I MUST RETRIEVE MY SWORD!  
MY---MY SWORD! I---I LEFT  
IT---

-- IN THE  
JUDGE'S  
BODY!

I---I'LL RETRIEVE IT QUICKLY, THEN  
LEAVE THIS LAIR OF THE PALMED  
FOR ALL TIME! UGGH! IT IS IN  
DEEP! THIS LIGHT TRICKS MY  
VISION! I COULD SWEAR THE  
JUDGE'S EYES STARE AT ME!

THEY DO!  
NOOOOO!!!

ONLY THE Sudden  
FLASH OF REASON  
PREVENTS THE NOBLE-  
MAN FROM FLEEING;  
THAT, AND HIS STILL  
IMPALING SWORD!



I'VE GOT TO PULL  
HARDER! THE SWORD  
HAS TO COME FREE!  
DEAR GOD... IT  
HAS TO!!



HIS STOMACH REVOLTED BY THE OBSCENE  
RITUAL, GUISANTE CLENCHES HIS TEETH TO  
KEEP FROM RETCHING! HE TUGS WITH UNCHECKED  
FORCE! THEN, HE HEARS A SHORT, SICKENING  
SOUND AND THE BLADE SLIDES FREE!

A MOMENT! I NEED ONLY A  
MOMENT TO CALM DOWN! QUELL  
MY POUNDING HEART! LET MY  
BREATHING RETURN TO NORMAL!  
AND STRIKE THAT GROSSLY SIGHT  
FROM MY BRAIN!

THEN I'LL FETCH THAT  
ACCursed BLADE! AND DIG  
A GRAVE FOR IT SOMEWHERE  
OUTSIDE THE CONFINES OF MY  
FAMILY'S CASTLE! I AM  
SORRY NOW I EVER  
CAME TO THIS...



I FEEL THEM AGAIN!  
Boring INTO MY  
BACK! THOSE EYES...  
THE JUDGE'S  
EYES!



CAN FEAR DRIVE ONE TO THE DEPTHS OF SHOCK? YES! CAN THE SHOCK OF A SMALL CRIMSON POOL---THE REMAINS OF A VANISHING CORPSE---DRIVE ONE TO THE PIT OF MADNESS? YES!

NO! HE IS DEAD!  
MUERTE---DEAD!

YOUUU!!  
AIIIIIEEEEEE!!



MORNING IS A MEANINGLESS ELEMENT TO THE CONTINUALLY DARK, SHADOWY DUNGEON OF DEATH! IT INDICATES ONLY ANOTHER DAILY VISIT FROM ITS MORE INHUMAN MASTERS!

DID THAT WE HAVE NOT YET ENCOUNTERED JUANITA FUERTE? HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN ENTERTAINING A GUEST DOWN HERE LAST NIGHT, THOUGH! WHICH WOULD ACCOUNT FOR THE SCREAMING YOU HEARD! AHA! HAHA! I THOUGHT I GLIMPSED A TOUCH OF SADISM IN THE MAN!



IT IS TRUE, JUDGE GARCIA! AT MIDNIGHT, THE MOST EXTREME HAILING CAME FROM THIS CHAMBER! I DID NOT SUMMON THE COURAGE TO ENTER TILL NOW!

WE'LL SOON LEARN THE CAUSE OF SUCH HOWLING! BE NOT AFRAID, EXECUTIONER! NO MAN OR GHOST DARES CHALLENGE THE OFFICERS OF THE INQUISITION!



MY JUDGE!  
OVER HERE...  
IN THIS CORNER!

THE WILD-EYED, TIGHT-MOUTHED MANIAC STARS UNCOMPREHENDINGLY AT THE TWO INQUISITORS! EVEN THE GLOUTONOUS GARCIA IS UNNERVED BY THIS SPECIMEN OF TOTAL INSANITY!

LOOK AT THE MADNESS IN HIS EYES! I'VE NEVER SEEN---!

YOU! SPEAK! GIVE ME YOUR IDENTITY AND WHAT YOU ARE DOING HERE!



EXCELENCY! SOME PAPER  
IS TACKED ONTO THAT RACK!  
IT LOOKS LIKE AN OFFICIAL  
ORDER OF EXECUTION!

AH-HAAA! BRING IT TO  
ME AT ONCE!

IT READS---"THE LUNATIC BEFORE YOU IS A  
MURDERER! TWICE-OVER! HIS IS THE LOWEST  
OF HEINOSUS CRIMES! FOR NOT ONLY HAS HE  
MURDERED, BUT IN ADDITION PERJURED HIM-  
SELF IN THE COURTS OF SPAIN! GIVEN FALSE  
TESTIMONY TO THE INQUISITION!"

"THE ULTIMATE SENTENCE IS DEMANDED!  
LET SUCH A ONE SUFFER DEATH BY TORTURE!"  
SIGNED, JUDGE FERNANDEZ FUERTE! NO! I  
WAS NOT MISTAKEN! THE HONORABLE JUDGE  
SHARES OUR VIEWS OF JUSTICE!  
UNCHAIN THE PRISONER!

WHAT WEIRD, BIZARRE THOUGHTS OCCUPY THE MIND OF A MADMAN?  
DOES HE EMBLESSLY RECALL THE SHOCKING, UNSPEAKABLE EXPERI-  
ENCE WHICH CAUSED HIS STATE? DOES HE EVEN FEEL THE SENSATION OF  
BEING ROUGHLY, BRUTALLY DRAGGED TO HIS FINAL DESTINATION?  
ONE OF PAIN AND HORROR?

I'LL USE MY FAVORITE INSTRUMENT ON  
HIM! HE SHALL ENDURE HOURS OF UNENDURABLE  
AGONY UNDER MY MANIPULATION! IT'LL BE MY  
MASTERPIECE OF PAIN! BUT, WHY IS HE SO  
SILENT? WHY DOESN'T HE Scream, OR BABBLE,  
OR BEG FOR HIS LIFE?

BECAUSE OF A  
VERY STRANGE  
THING I JUST  
DISCOVERED,  
EXECUTIONER!

HAA! HAA!  
HAA! HAAA!

THE  
END

MAN--OFTEN DESCRIBED AS HAVING BEEN BORN OF TWO FATHERS: THE FATHER, KNOWN AS ARTUAR, THE UNIVERSE, LIFE AND...LOVE; AND THE FATHER KNOWN AS HORROR, NIGHT, BLACKNESS AND DEATH.

THE VAMPIRE...GALANT AND EMACIATED IN HIS THIRSTING FOR HUMAN BLOOD, AND TREACHEROUS IN HIS TECHNIQUES OF TRAPPING HIS VICTIMS...IS OF THAT FATHER OF UNHEAVENLY ORIGIN! AND SO IT BE A FITTING MEMORY THIS TALE...THAT THE GROTESQUE CREATURE--BUT DIE A MERCILESS DEATH IN...

THE TIME: ANCIENT ROME...126 B.C. UNDER THE RULE OF GAIUS SEMPRONIUS GRACCHUS.  
THE SETTING: THE GREAT ARENA...STADIUM OF MANY TRIALS OF COURAGE AND HONOR...NOW HOSTING THE ANNUAL CHARIOT RACE OF THE TRIBUNE'S FINEST HORSEMEN.

# Vault of a Vampire

NIGHT HAS JUST FALLEN LIKE A SHROUD OVER THE THRONS OF SENATORS, TRIBUNES AND PEASANTS ALIKE. EACH MAN...IN FEAR AND EVER WATCHFUL EYE TO THE OUTCOME OF THE GREAT RACE...LIGHTS A FLAMING TORCH TO THROWN VIOLENT SHADOWS ON THE PERSPIRING FACES OF THE PERFORMERS AS THEY DRIVE THEIR, FEVERED HORSES...



...DRIVING THEIR STEEDS AT A FRANTIC PACE AROUND A BEND, THE CROWD'S SUDDENLY FALL QUIET AND A HUSH PERVERSES THE ARENA AS A MAN LEAPS FROM THE HIGH WALL OF THE STADIUM AND LANDS WITH CRUSHING WEIGHT ON THE BACK OF THE LEAD RACER./



WITH MINDLESS AND UNREASONING STRENGTH THE ATTACKER BATTLES THE CHARIOTER, KNOCKING FROM HIS GRASP THE RIDGES AND FORCING HIM TO HIS KNEES...

ARE YOU INSANE?  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?...



AND THEN SLOWLY...IT IS MADE CLEAR TO THOUSANDS GATHERED IN THE STANDS JUST WHAT IT REALLY IS THE ATTACKER IS AFTER... BLOOD, WARM, RICH, FLOWING BLOOD FROM THE JUGULAR VEN OF HIS VICTIM...FOR THE CROWD REALIZES ONLY TOO LATE THAT THEY ARE WITNESSING, BEFORE THEIR VERY EYES A HIDEOUS ACT OF HAMMERMITH! THEY ARE POWERLESS TO ACT, FROZEN AT THE BEARABLE SPECTACLE UNFOLDING BEFORE THEM...THAT OF THE VILE CREATURE BAT OF LONG LOST LEGEND SINKING HIS LONG GLEAMING FANGS AND FUCKING DRY THE LIFE-GIVING BLOOD OF AN INNOCENT MAN...POWERLESS TO ACT...FOR EACH MAN IS STRICKEN WITH THE SHUDDERING FEAR OF UTTER DIS-BELIEF/



HE ESCAPES...TO ARMS  
MEN...HE MUST NOT  
ESCAPE!

LOOK...THROUGH THE  
ARCH...SHADOWS  
FLICKERING BY OUR  
TORCHES!

SHOOT A SHOT  
AT HIM, DAMON...  
IN THE HOPE OF  
STRIKING HIM  
IN FLIGHT!

MISSSED...THE  
CREATURE ESCAPES  
INTO THE BLACKNESS  
OF NIGHT LIKE...  
A DEMON!

NOTHING...  
HE'S RUN  
INTO THE  
FOREST!

WE'LL NOT FIND  
HIM THERE...  
TODAY...THE  
MANY TREES  
WOULD HIDE  
HIM WELL!

AVE...BUT STILL...  
LET US SEARCH IN THE  
MORROW YONDER...LEST  
HE SILENTLY HIDES  
BEHIND SOME  
DECEITFUL ROCK!

TRUE...HE'S  
PERVERSE...  
BUT WE MUST  
TAKE ACTION TO  
PREVENT THIS  
IN THE  
FUTURE!

DAMON'S WORDS  
WAKE SOUP BREWING  
MEN...THIS  
CREATURE HAS  
STUCK TOO OFTEN...  
TOO SUDDENLY...TO  
BE ALLOWED TO  
CONTINUE!

AVE...THIS IS NOT THE FIRST TIME HE HAS STRUCK...  
LAST MONTH IT WAS GENERAL PROCOVUS...LAST  
WEEK STUNNED HUNDREDS BY ATTACKING A YOUNG  
WOMAN IN THE TRIBUNE'S OWN HANGING GARDENS!  
WHERE WILL IT BE NEXT...THE SENATE ITSELF?



THAT FRIEND IS  
LIKELY TO SHOW  
UP ANYWHERE!  
BUT USUALLY, YOU  
MIGHT NOTICE...  
HE LIKES  
CROWDS...

TRUE MARCUS...  
HE MUST BE A  
THRILL SEEKER...  
OUT FOR MORE THAN  
BLOOD ONLY...BUT  
FOR PERVERSE  
PLEASURE IN SEE-  
ING MISERY IN  
THE FACES OF  
ONLOOKERS!

THEN WE MUST  
BE READY...WE  
MUST ATTEND EVERY  
SOCIAL FUNCTION  
WITHIN THE NEXT  
FEW WEEKS...AND  
WHEN THE MONSTER  
ATTACKS...WE'LL  
HAVE HIM!







AGAIN HE MAKES WAY INTO THE NIGHT... FOR THERE IN THE DARKNESS AND MANY RUINS OF AN EMPIRE WILL HE FIND ESCAPE... PERHAPS CHAUCHE-PASSERIN IS HUNGRY TOO DETERMINED ON HIS CAPTURE?



AND YET IT SEEMS THAT THIS NIGHT THE PHEON HAS BEEN CARELESS... HIS CRYPT--THE TOMB OF HIS ETERNAL REST IS CLOSE AT HAND TO THE SCENE OF HIS UGLY CRIME... AND BEING CHASED HE HAS THOUGHTLESSLY RETURNED TO HIS VAULT WITHOUT THINKING--WITHOUT REALIZING HE HAS LED HIS PURSUITERS TO HIS VERY FRONT DOOR...



LOOK...OVER THERE...IN THE FLEETING SHADOWS IS THAT NOT ARM DESCENDING INTO A VAULT?

IT MUST BE HIM! THE FOOL...DOES HE NOT REALIZE HE HAS LED US TO HIS VERY GRAVE?

FOOL IS RIGHT...FOR BEFORE LONG IT WILL BE HIS GRAVE FOREVER!

AYE...HE HAS INDEED TRAPPED HIMSELF, FOR ALTHOUGH HE MUST HAVE THE DOOR BOLTED ON THE INSIDE...WE HAVE IT GUARDED FROM THE OUTSIDE!

HE'LL NOT GET OUT WITHOUT OUR KNOWING...AND WHEN HE DOES WE'LL BEARMED...

MARCUS...RUN FOR SILVER-TIPPED KNIVES AND SWORDS...AND BRING FOOD, TOO...WE'LL NOT LEAVE THIS CRYPT UNTIL HE HAS EMERGED.

THAT SHOULD NOT BE LONG...HE'LL HAVE NO FOOD IN THERE...AND SURELY HE CANNOT SURVIVE LONG WITHOUT IT...NOR WITHOUT HIS THIRST FOR BLOOD!

TRY AND DON'T LET ME GET YOU...



AND SO STARTS A WAIT FOR THE THREE  
AVENGERS OF SOCIETY...WAITING...  
WATCHING...FOR A TERROR STRICKEN  
BLOOD FRIEND TO GIVE IN... TO ADMIT  
DEFEAT AND TAKE HIS CHANCES OUT-  
SIDE! TO OPEN THE DOOR THAT BARS  
OUR HATE AND REVENGE FOR HE AND  
HIS KIND--OR...TO SUFFER A FATE  
PERHAPS WORSE THAN THAT OF A  
VIOLENT DEATH...THAT OF SLOW...  
PAINFUL...AGONIZING...STARVATION  
WITHIN!



HE  
MUST  
BE  
DEAD!

AYE--IT'S BEEN OVER,  
TWO WEEKS--NO MAN,  
NO MAN CAN LIVE  
WITHOUT SUSTAINANCE  
FOR THIS LENGTH  
OF TIME...

WE'LL  
HAVE IT  
IN A FEW  
MOMENTS...

IT'S WELL BARRED  
FROM THE OTHER  
SIDE...AND THE  
WOOD IS THICK  
AND HEAVY...

BY THE  
ANCIENT GODS...

OH...IN THE  
NAME OF HUMANITY  
...WHAT HAS  
HAPPENED...WHAT  
HAS HE DONE?



HE'S STILL  
STRONG...BE READY  
...BE ON GUARD WITH  
YOUR SWORDS...

OH GODS.  
WHAT VILE  
INDOCTERY OF A  
MAN IS THIS...  
THIS... THING  
BEFORE US?

WE CANNOT  
VIEW THE  
WRETCHED THING  
IN THIS LITTER,  
DARKNESS!



BRING FORTH  
MORE LIGHT SO  
THAT WE CAN  
SEEK OUT THIS  
MENACE THAT  
AFFLICTS US!

WILY  
CREATURE...  
WHAT MANNER  
OF BEAST CAN  
YOU BE?

DINE GLADLY  
WE RELEASE YOU  
FROM YOUR SEMI-  
HUMAN VESTMENTS  
OF LIFE...

HIDEOUS...IS IT POSSIBLE...  
CAN IT REALLY BE THAT MY  
EYES DO NOT DEceive ME...  
CAN IT ACTUALLY BE THAT  
THIS...THIS BLOOD DEMON  
HAS STAYED ALIVE BY...  
DEPIvOURING HIS OWN  
BODY...HIS OWN  
HUMAN FLESH!

AAAAAuuuuu CHHHHHH!

AND SO DEATH COMES  
QUICKLY...PERHAPS FAR  
TOO QUICKLY FOR HE WHO  
HAS LIVED A LIFE OF  
TERROR AND OUTRAGED  
ATROCITY...THE VAMPIRE...  
GAUNT AND EMACIATED IN  
HIS THIRSTING FOR HUMAN  
BLOOD...IS OF THIS FATHER,  
ON UNHEAVENLY ORIGIN...  
AND SO IT BE IN FITTING  
MEMORY THIS TALE...THAT  
THE GROTESQUE CANNIBAL  
DIE AN UNENDURABLE DEATH  
IN...WALL OF VAMPIRE!

SEND  
MONEY!

NOW ON SALE

GET IT AT YOUR HORROR-MOOD  
MAGAZINE STORE

THE 1974

# RIGHTMARE

SUMMER-SPECIAL <sup>T.M.</sup>

25  
75¢  
4.75

Why is this poor victim  
trapped in a lunatic cell  
with Dracula?  
Why does everyone scream?

let her  
out in hell!



STILL 75¢

THE BEST TALES OF ILLUSTRATED HORROR!

# NIGHTMARE



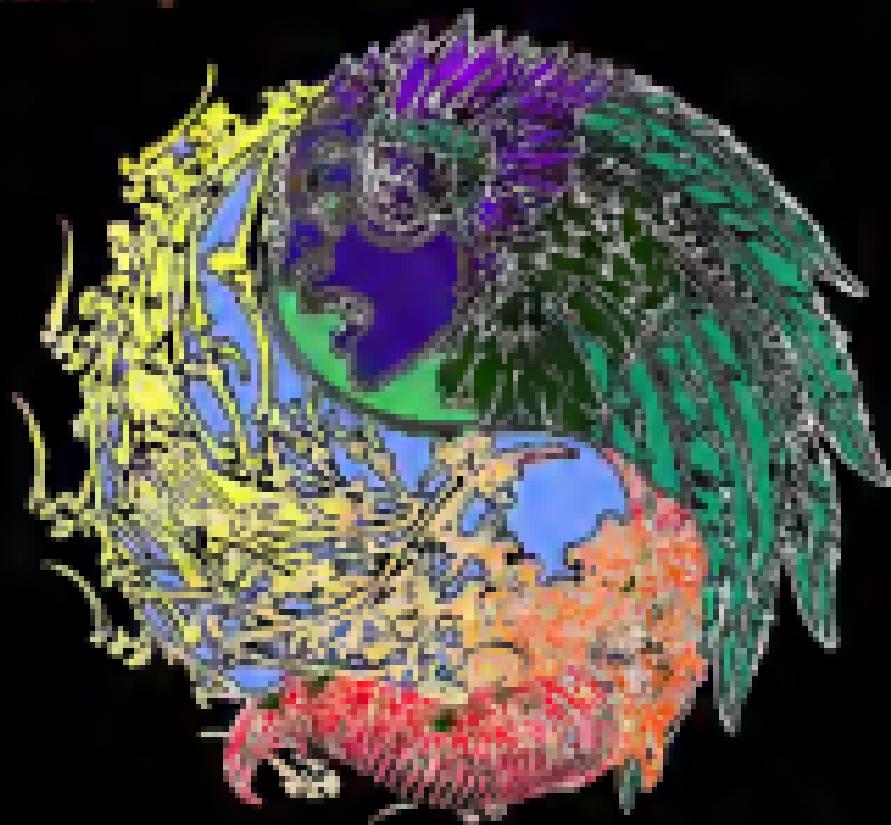
- ILLUSTRATED TALES IN THE HORROR-MOOD -

-at quality Horror-Mood newsstands-

COMPREENDA



Scanning by



Scanning by